

# Ballad Of Tindersticks

## Tindersticks

The first time we flew it  
It was cheap and cramped  
The vodka running out half-way across the Atlantic  
Even the steward screamed and joined in it We didn't think we were going to make it  
Now we're stretched out in wide, furry seats  
Flicking through menus  
A walk to the bar and there's as much screw-top champagne  
As we can drink, we're so easy Taking turns having our photos taken  
Sitting in front of smoked windows  
Decanters of cheap whiskey in our hands  
Drive into Manhattan on a date with a starlet who's just talent  
That's what people pay the money to see Who're we to argue?  
Five hours now it's been going on  
And still we're watchin' all of it  
Can you really believe all this?  
Can he really lie in bed at night and marvel at his own genius? When do you lose the ability to step back  
And get a sense of your own ridiculousness?  
They're only songs  
Midnight, and it's all over  
Now it can really make us laugh We're standing on our heads drinking sours of Crystel Schnapps  
Now we're unable to step back or step forward  
Swallowing a swallow  
Tasting it again, it's not so unpleasant  
Perhaps it's an acquired taste The first time, it makes you sick  
Then, little by little, it becomes delicious  
Showbiz people  
Always there to be interested in what you have say We are artists, we are sensitive and important  
We nod our heads earnestly  
Already half-way down the champagne  
On our way to leaving the place dry  
A \$2,000 bar bill Showbiz picks up the tab  
And we're on our way laughing  
Laughing at what?  
Los Angeles, eight days in  
And our sense of irony's running pretty thin All the friends we've made  
It's 2 a.m., it's closing time at the Dresden  
Marty and Layton play one last sleepy "Strangers in the Night"  
And the last of the martinis dribble down our chins  
We're sittin', chasin' the conversation around the table Jesus, how long have I been in this state?

The limousine's still waiting outside  
Anything you want to do?  
Anywhere you want to go?  
We're on our way to the airport and a plane to Vegas  
So many nights lying in bed shaking  
Dreaming of pushing my daughter around the supermarket  
The joy of seein' all those colors and shapes reflect in her wide eyes  
My head leaning on the window  
And we're driving through the empty L.A. streets  
And everything seems silent and beautiful  
A guy's face hits the floor  
Police revolvers glistening in the streetlight  
Onto Melrose and lurching through a sea of Halloween transvestites  
The flight's canceled, but it doesn't matter  
We turn this corner to a way that takes us wherever up to sunset  
We creep up the drive to the Shattuck  
The suite Belushi died in  
Or the one Morrison hung out the window  
Oh, I'll go for Jim's  
I would fancy a hotel window-hanging, myself tonight, man  
Straight over to the mini-bar  
Open the champagne, one sip and it's left to wake up to  
Anyone hungry?  
A team of uniformed waiters  
Lay out an elaborate table for all us to ignore  
Oh, the irony  
How we're used to living  
And back in London on a cold Friday night  
Do you want another drink?  
Well, I could try  
Perhaps we could make it to the Atlantic  
600 yards, twenty minutes later  
We're pushing through the waiting crowd, all fish eyes  
An exclusive door policy  
Exclusively for arseholes  
And tonight? Well, a nod of our heads, and we're inside  
Falling down the red, velvety stairs  
Limbs flaying, hands searching for something to steady  
Pick ourselves up, nothing broken  
Just aches in the morning  
No one seems to notice  
I find a table, champagne arrives  
I've been so drunk, I sit and look at you  
We try and talk for the first time in a long time  
Drunken confession  
You shiver, it made you feel sick  
We use the rent money to pay the bill  
Bumping shoulders, we stumble out into Soho  
Slipping over the sleeping bags  
Shouting for taxis

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